

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back."

SLOO A YEAR, Always in Advance.

EIGHTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1893.

NUMBER 45.

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Opposite Phoenix Hotel,
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And a good lamp must be simple; when it is not simple it is not good. Simple, Beautiful, Good—these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is absolutely safe and unbreakable. Like Aladdin's of old, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marvelous light is purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light and more cheerful than either.

Look for this stamp—THE ROCHESTER. If the lamp dealer has not the genuine Rochester, and the style you want, send to us for our new illustrated catalogue, and we will send you a lamp safely by express—your choice of over 2,000 varieties from the Largest Lamp Store in the World.

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WHOLESALE **CLOTHING** MANUFACTURERS.

Represented by M. F. BRINKLEY.

A PICTURE OF M'CREEARY,

As Pencilled by Dan E. O'Sullivan in the Louisville Critic.

The following "kodak" picture of the Hon. James B. M'Creeary, which appeared in the Louisville Critic some time ago, is reprinted by Dan E. O'Sullivan as a campaign document in behalf of his friend, Judge Lindsay:

"A pen and ink sketch of 'Jim' M'Creeary is of necessity a failure. Portraits of M'Creeary should be done in oil. He is as unctuous to the eye as a well groomed deacon and as smooth to the touch as velvet. He sheds enmity as a duck does water. His warm, passionate, questioning hand is as oleaginous as that of a maker of perfumed soaps. His tongue is coated with sweet ointment. His great, round, appealing eyes seem to swim in bowls of delicious pinguid. Every word seems to have been dipped in some sebaceous fluid. His bones do not grate when he walks. The joints are fed with liniment. He glides through the streets as noiseless as though he traveled on oiled roller skates over plate glass. There is a lubricity, a slipperiness, an oiliness, an unctuousity about 'Jim' M'Creeary that shames to silence the hardness of a word dropped from a careless or an envious pen.

He is the politician par excellence, a manipulator of men, a diplomat whose placid surface reflects only the rudeness of those who dare to question his sincerity. Born with a golden spoon in his mouth, he has beaten it into a ladle, from which he has poured a hospitality as bounteous as it is studied. There is no honor that his ambition has not measured and that his purse has not counted the cost of. Encompassed in egotism as the mummies of old were wrapped in imperishable cloths, he stands serene, smiling, confident, defying the ravages of time, and ever and anon renewing his political life with an elixir, whose golden fountain works more wonders than the senility of Brown-Sequard ever dreamed of.

INDIANS TURBULENT.

The Navajos Reported To Be Preparing To Go on the Warpath.

Advices received by T. J. Matthews, of Colorado City, from his partner, T. E. Lacone, of Cortez, Colo., state that the Navajo Indians in that vicinity are arranging for war. The Indians claim the Carizo mountains as a part of their reservation, although recent government surveys locate the line further up the San Juan. Rich gold fields abound in the mountains, which have been known to Lacone and others for some time. The Indians have molded golden bullets and exhibited them, but they vow the death of any white miners who invade their reservation. Since the gold was made known, Lacone and other miners have staked claims and are now camped upon them. They are prepared to defend their rights. Meanwhile the Indians have retired to their reservation, and an uprising is feared, which, however, may not occur till in the spring. The camp is thirty miles from Cortez.

Do You Want a Public Office.

There are 180,000 offices within the gift of the new administration and now is the time for those seeking public employment to take proper steps to secure one of these lucrative positions. All who are interested should at once send for a copy of the United States Blue Book. It is a register of all federal offices and employments in each state and territory, the District of Columbia and abroad, with their salaries, emoluments and duties; shows who is eligible for appointment, questions asked at examinations, how to make an application and how to push it to success, and gives besides a vast amount of important and valuable information relative to government positions never before published. Handsomely bound in cloth. Price 75 cents, post paid. Address J. H. Soule, pub., Box 43, Washington, D. C.

CRADDOCK AND HAYES.

Interview Each Other as They Ride Together Through the Bluegrass.

Colonel Craddock indulges in the following reminiscence of ex-President Hayes in a late issue of the Kentuckian-Citizen.

The late ex-President Hayes visited Lexington to attend the funeral of Colonel W. C. Goodloe. As he was leaving there we were introduced to him with the usual joke on age, as one who had fought with Daniel Boone and could point out to him all he wanted to know. Bryant Station and other historical points. This kept him interviewing us in reply to our attempts to interview him.

He said in speaking of the very unfortunate occurrence that had brought him to Kentucky, that he deeply regretted it as he was attached to both men. "I have shown my respect for Col. Goodloe, whom I greatly admired, by coming to his funeral," Col. Swaps I selected for collector from a list of candidates, as I was greatly impressed in his favor, and he has had my endorsement as my model collector.

In passing in view of Mr. Clay's monument and seeing the spot at Bryan's where the future great statesman made his first stump speech (which was in favor of emancipation), he wondered if the young lawyer in airy castle-building ever thought of the great monument and fame that would outlive him.

We said Bishop Kavanaugh in passing here answered that query by saying: "Mr. Clay set his mark high from the start." Soon the train passed in view of the native home in Bourbon of Governor Corwin, Ohio's great orator and wit, and we told of Rev. Dr. Durbin being also a native of our soil. He said: "You then could claim the two greatest of orators originated here."

On arriving at Paris he caused us to tell of Paris having during the war a senator in each congress, Davis and Simms; our Congressman Clay a son in each army; Senator Davis a stepson in each army; our oldest lawyer, Hanson, a brother killed or wounded in each army.

Proposed R. R. Construction.

The Railway Gazette, in its issue of January 20, has this to say about railroad construction in Kentucky:

"In Kentucky only 121 miles are contemplated, but contracts have already been let and work is being done on about that much more. The extension of the Richmond, Nicholasville, Irvine and Beattyville from Irvine to Beattyville is promised. This is a distance of thirty-five miles. The grading was partly done before the road went into the hands of a receiver, when it was suspended, but arrangements are now being made to continue the work. The Altamont and Manchester will be extended from Altamont east of Manchester, nineteen miles. That extension partly graded. Seven miles of the Owensboro, Falls of Rough and Green river, between Rough creek and Adams fork, is now nearly completed.

"The Kentucky Midland talked of extension from Frankfort along the Kentucky river to a connection with the Louisville Southern, a distance of ten miles, is also mentioned as among the prospects. This would give Frankfort another line to Louisville. This road has also surveyed fifty miles from Paris into Morgan county, passing thro' Owingsville.

The knowledge of what is lost by the neglect of our wagonways is daily extending, and with its spread is certain to come a more and more pressing demand for action that shall remove what is not merely a hindrance to progress, but a blot upon our national character.—Harper's Weekly.

Lane's Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary.

Now is a good time to subscribe.

GOOD ROADS.

Some Practical and Pertinent Suggestions on the Subject.

The Frankfort Capital says the discussion as to the best means for securing good roads in this state should not be permitted to cease until some plan is matured which promises to obtain the desired result. Many of our country exchanges are earnestly considering the subject, notably the Bardwell Star, from which paper we copy the following article, commending it as a most excellent text upon which to continue the discussion:

* * * * * The Star has a plan, one it suggested more than twelve months ago. The paper then came out boldly on a plan, and from time to time ever since this plan has been laid before the readers. It is true we have never undertaken to formulate the whole routine work of putting our plan into operation. This of course would have to be arranged by the legislature, and will be of considerable importance; but if the people will rise in their dignity and power, as they will in the near future, and demand the necessary legislation to put this plan into effect, it will be done.

Our idea, as stated many times before, is for the county to issue bonds, to draw not more than six per cent, and to be sold at not less than face value, the bonds to run for several years, the county to have the right of issuing these bonds from time to time, as the proceeds are needed to put all the county roads in good condition. There should be some limit as to the aggregate amount of bonds a county is allowed to issue; but the amount should be ample for all practical purposes. The roads need money, and a great deal of it, spent upon them, and after they are once put in proper order, the expense of keeping them so will be comparatively light.

Of course all this means an outlay of a great deal of money, but it must be remembered that the benefits will be more than comparatively great. All we get costs us money, but the necessities of life must come, and there is no use to stop to count cost and lament over the dictates of nature. When a man is hungry, he must have something to eat, when he is cold he must be made warm, even though it prevents him from ever accumulating another dollar. As food and clothing are to an individual, so are good roads to an entire county. They are an absolute necessity. The times and conveniences of the people demand them, and the roads must come, cost or no cost. Note the great losses people sustain in this county by having no roads, and you will readily see that good roads would prove profitable at almost any cost.

The man who supposes that the system of road building advocated by the Star is not gaining ground rapidly is badly "off." People are beginning to fall in line, and the plan or some other good one will be adopted.

A Most Happy Selection.

The selection of Mr. Carlisle for secretary of the treasury meets with something more than approval in Washington. Democrats like it because they regard Mr. Carlisle as the democrat best fitted to represent the convictions of the party and to guide it safely in the work of fiscal reform. Republicans like it because they regard it as a pledge of safe conservatism. Sound money men like it because Mr. Carlisle has never been bitten by any heresy of cheap money, while the free coinage men regard his selection as indicating on the part of the president-elect a purpose to deal fairly and conservatively with silver and not to treat any phase of the coinage question that may arise in a merely doctrinaire spirit. In brief, the selection seems to be regarded by all classes of men in congress as conspicuously the best that could have been made, and as one which promises an able, broad-minded and most successful administration.—New York World.

Take THE HERALD a year; \$1.00.

Hazel Green Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, I. I. KY.

Down an Arizona Grade



WHEN the engine-men are off duty the fore of habit takes them to the round-house; and when a group of men has collected there the railroad stories are sure to follow. I have listened for hours to good yarns there.

One day in the San Francisco round-house of the Southern Pacific company mention was made of a recent accident which had been caused by the breaking apart of a freight train. This served as a reminder to the engineer from Arizona. Taking a seat on the side-rod of a locomotive he began:

"We left Los Angeles one afternoon with twenty-six cars and a caboose. We went out a double-header, with two ten-wheel engines. I was running 112 in advance, and Billy Stewart, with the 108, was coupled in behind me.

"Next to the engines were some long bridge timbers, extended over three flat cars, from which the brake staffs had to be taken. Then there were six cars loaded with reduced ties, then thirteen cars of steel rails, twenty tons to the car. These cars were all flats, of course. Then came four box cars loaded with giant powder, to be used in some heavy work at the front.

"It's a stiff pull most of the way from Los Angeles to Colton, and from there to San Geronimo it's an up grade of a hundred and twenty feet to the mile. They gave us a third engine from Colton to the top of the hill; and it was all the three ten-wheelers could do to take that train up there.

"We stopped at San Geronimo and cut out the hoiler engine, and then everybody was ready we started down the hill.

"From San Geronimo it is nearly all down-grade to Inlio, sixty miles, and for the first thirty miles the grade runs from one hundred and twenty-five feet to seventy feet to the mile.

"We had a half-Spanish boy called Kid Vallejo braking ahead. He was a good one—as smart as a whip. The middle brakeman was rather light, and the hind man was a big, thick-headed brute, who had no 'savvy,' and never would know anything. The conductor was a slow, easy-going chap.

"There weren't any air-brakes on freight trains then; nothing but hand brakes. But we had air-brakes on the tenders and a steam-brake on the locomotive drivers.

"It was about half-past nine on a bright moonlight night when we started down the grade. About a mile out I felt the train jerk, and then we shot ahead lively. As I looked back, Billy totted off brakes, and began to work smart. I saw the two brakemen swinging their lights and signaling to 'go ahead.'

"It was so light that I could see that the caboose and the four cars of powder had broken off, and were about ten car-lengths behind the rest of the train. The chuckle-headed hind brakeman had slapped up the caboose brake and snapped the train apart, and we were running down that grade in two pieces.

"If ever that loose rear section struck the forward one the concussion would be sure to explode the giant powder, and then there would be an explosion that would shake the earth, and send the whole of us to kingdom come.

"We pulled out to get away from it, and whistled and whistled, for the engine man to get out on the box cars and set some brakes; but he didn't show up, and in less than a mile we were running fifty miles an hour, to keep out of the way of the steam train, and increasing rapidly every second.

"I realized at once that we had got to check up soon or the train would get away with us and land every body and everything down in the canyon, a thousand feet below. But what chance were we going to get to check up?

"Just then we saw a light come up on the box cars, and knew that the caboose brakeman had got out at last. Then we felt sure that he would stop that section and the thing for us to do was to stop ourselves. I set my tender and driving brakes and started the sand running, and Billy did the same with his engine.

"Setting up all those powerful brakes at once on the forward end just acted like a bumping post. The 'black' came up against the engine with a bang, and shifted the steel rails ahead so that they jammed every brake on the steel cars, and put them in such a state that they could not be used. There was a crash, and a hundred-foot grade—two engines and twenty-

two heavy loaded cars—and only six brakes, the train went down the grade. "Kid Vallejo and his partner doubled on the brakes on the tie cars, and the first thing they did was to break two chains. That left us only four brakes—not enough to stop a train.

"We shot by Manning's station at the rate of sixty miles an hour, the fire flying from the driving wheels and the tender brakes just burning up! The driving boxes were hot, and the steel wedges so hot that the engine rods like an old cart going over cobbles-stones.

"It shook the oil cans off the shelf to the deck and jarred out the cab lights. The coal was all shaken forward from the tender; it was pouring out of the gangway, and was a foot deep on the track.

"Looking back, we could see the ties working off the flat cars sideways; they struck the ground endwise every other minute, and went off in the air like a shot; and then off down into the canyon.

"The engines were heating all over, and the Rabbit metal was flying from the back ends of the main rods. I was afraid my engine would tear herself to pieces, everything was shrieking and groaning so.

"We went past Calabazon station at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour. The grade from Calabazon for six or seven miles is easier, and then there comes a short curve, close in by the side of the mountain; it is way up on one side and way down on the other. Billy and his freeman were down on the tender steps, holding on for dear life, waiting for the crash on the curve. I knew the chances were mighty slim for those two ten-wheelers to go around that curve. The speed began to reduce some, but we were still flying.

"My freeman crawled over to me and yelled: 'Let's lose the rail; it's our only chance for that curve!'

"I nodded to him, and we started both injectors. Each had attached to it a inch hose with hose and nozzle for cooling off the crank pins. We leaned out of the cab and sent the water pouring right down over the front drive wheels. That stream was as big as your thumb, and with the force of a stream from a fire engine.

"The speed must have slackened considerably before we struck the curve, but it seemed to me that we were going faster than ever. You couldn't see across the cab on account of the dust and smoke from the hot journals.

"My freeman yelled: 'Good-by, Jack,' but he kept the water flying. I shut my teeth and held my breath, and said to myself: 'This is my last run; it's 'Good-by, John,' right here.'

"When old 112 reached the curve I thought for a second she would capsize. Then I thought she was off. But we kept the water spouting. Then came a jerk and a crash, and the flat cars left the rails, and those bridge timbers went sailing out into the air and over the head of the train.

"The flat cars began playing leap-frog over each other, and those steel rails just floated over and through those cars and ties, making match-wood of everything in the way.

"But the two engines were on the rail, and we stopped them after running two miles. They were all burnt and cut up, but they would move, and after putting out some torpedoes and red lights we backed up to the wreck.

"We all thought that the water was the only thing that saved our engines on that curve.

"Jimmy, my freeman went running around calling out: 'O Kid! O Kid!

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THE OLDEST OF TRADES.

Manufacture of Flint for Guns of Various Sizes.

There are in all twenty-three different kinds of flint made, but it requires some ingenuity to stretch them out so far. For instance, to make up the list you have gray muskets and black muskets, where difference is not at all in the workmanship, but in the alleged quality of the flint. So also the minor kinds, the main classes of flint are for the common gun, the pocket, and horse pistols, the musket, rifle, and carbine.

From the narrow point of his flint the workman chips a diminutive flint for a pocket pistol, though not so many of these are required as of a larger size for horse-pistols. But the flints most in request are the neat and well-shaped ones used for rifles, and the highest of all are required for carbines. There is also a continuous, though not very considerable, demand for strider-flints, meant for the use of sportsmen and sportsmen who have had experience of damp matches. As each of these has its own shape and size, which must be accurately reproduced, it will be seen that the knapper at the anvil is far from being a mere drudge, and judgment. Yet the execution has become so much a habit with him that he talks and chips away as if by instinct. At every sharp pop down the hammer he takes in a new flint in his hand and lets the hammer play round till the sharp edges are blunted and the size made exactly what is required. The speed at which he works may be inferred from the fact that each man calculates to turn out on an average three thousand a day. In time of pressure a knapper has been known by commencing very early in the morning and working to a late hour at night to make nine thousand. But that is deemed an extraordinary and prodigious day's work.

The employers as well as the men reckon that, taking all the year round, a flint of that caliber represents the output of a man. This means about twelve thousand a week, for it is an old custom in the trade to make Saturday and Monday holidays—the former is devoted to play and the latter is given to tool sharpening. Knapping can not be done unless the hammers are in perfect order, and it is said that the only smiths who can put them right are a few in the neighborhood of Brandon who have done the work from infancy, and know to a nicety the face and temper required.

It is very difficult to calculate the gross output of gun flints made annually, as the work is in more hands than one, but in all England there are certainly not thirty men who can shape a flint to business. In the United States, however, and in dull times some of the operatives were obliged to seek employment elsewhere. From half a dozen to a dozen knappers have constant work, however, and for the last few years more than four million annually, they must be very busy to make eight. Braddon is the chief, but not the only, seat of the manufacture. Gun flints are still made in small quantities at Malaga, for example, and specimens are to be seen in the British museum. Longman's Magazine.

Gossip—She—You think her face is her fortune? He—I'm sure of it. She—Then I'd like to borrow it for a few weeks, for she has a new face put on every morning.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Col. Corning, the Indian war hero, is said to have a genius for getting on a trail." If he follows the trail, he is over nine in last night's dance.—Chicago News Record.

County Noncommutative.—"Well, Mr. Duffy?" "Mornin', Mr. Stoutberry, have you an empty bar?" "No, sir, to make a him-come-or-see dog?"—Smith, Gray & Co's Monthly.

A Pair of Spectacles—Lovers—Pack.

In a man stays at home nights he will not be found out.—Pittsburg.

PERFECTION is made up of trifles, but it is no trifling matter to attain perfection.

It Pays All Round.—"Tom—It pays to smile," Jack Noah—"You also pay to do so."—Littell's Living Age.

If any young man wants to find out what the wild waves are saying let him go to sea.

A good family horse—the clothes horse.

JAGGERS say the race in life is not to the fittest.—Littell's Living Age.

Money doesn't grow on the press, but it is often picked from the ground by Chicago thieves.

CERES is a sure shot, although he makes many "Mrs."—N. Y. Journal.

Most men like to see themselves in print; but women don't—they prefer a ink or satin.

Do not ask justice how he comes out. Ask him how he is going off.

WOMAN'S face may be a poem; but she is always careful to conceal the lines in it.—Pack.

WATTS—"Has Ed. Burdett any speciality?" "Potts—Oh, yes, bills."—Indianaapolis Journal.

LITTLE CLARENCE—"Pa, if a man from Portugal in a claretine, is his little boy a Portuguese?"

It is generally hoped that the world's fair will not be in any way eclipsed by the railway fair.—Washington Star.

We may strive to know ourselves; but no man can find out personally that he is afflicted with the habit of snoring.—Boston Gazette.

ROYAL

IS THE

Best Baking Powder

The Official Government Reports:

The United States Government, after elaborate tests, reports the ROYAL BAKING POWDER to be of greater leavening strength than any other. (Bulletin 13, Ag. Dep., p. 599.)

The Canadian Official Tests, recently made, show the ROYAL BAKING POWDER highest of all in leavening strength. (Bulletin 10, p. 16, Inland Rev. Dep.)

In practical use, therefore, the ROYAL BAKING POWDER goes further, makes purer and more perfect food, than any other.

Government Chemists Certify:

"The Royal Baking Powder is composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It does not contain either alum or phosphates, or other injurious substances.

"EDWARD G. LOVE, Ph.D."

"The Royal Baking Powder is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public.

"HENRY A. MOTT, M.D., Ph.D."

"The Royal Baking Powder is purest in quality and highest in strength of any baking powder of which I have knowledge.

"WM. McMEURTER, Ph.D."

The Government Report shows all other baking powders tested to contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid.

"Simpson I gave you five rabbits and ten other rabbits, how many rabbits would you have?" "Seven." "Seven? How do you make that out?" "Because I've a rabbit of my own at home."—The Allusion.

Boston—"I will take you down to my own tailor. I know you can trust him." "Hubbard." "That's not it. What I want is to find someone who will trust me to his tailor."—The Allusion.

"That's Why He Was Hard Hearted." "Kind old man." "Hard hearted man, did I ever have a cough?" "Stranger, I have a cough of my own."—Yankee Blade.

"OUR gardener would make a good villain in a melodrama." "Why not?" "Because he is always having out more than he is putting in."—The Boston Globe.

The Duluth and Superior Service. In full keeping with its well-known progressive policy, the North-Western Line (Chicago & Western Railway) recently inaugurated through train service between Chicago and the Lake Superior region. This new train is known as the "Duluth and Superior Special," and it leaves Chicago at 10:30 a.m., and arrives at Duluth at 10:30 a.m. in the next day, making the journey in the shortest time.

The train is made up of baggage cars, standard day coaches and palace hotel sleeping cars of the most modern and improved construction, and all classes of passengers are carried through to the end of the line. Baggage is received in dining car after departure from Chicago, and breakfast is served from a well-stocked buffet car. To insure yourself a quick and comfortable journey, be sure to get tickets via the North-Western Line. Any ticket agent can furnish full information regarding this rail route. It will be found a most desirable mode of travel. For further particulars apply to W. A. Threl, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

"I wish I would not take advantage of the relationship seemingly implied in your name to so familiarly add his hon to the list."—Washington Post.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. J. C. GIBNEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known J. C. Gibney for the last thirty years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions. He financially aids in carrying out any obligation made by him. J. C. Gibney, Jr., President, J. C. Gibney & Co., Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

The days of chivalry are spoken of as the dark ages, probably because they were the darkest time.—Birmingham Leader.

A Child Enjoys.

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effect of Syrup of Fig, when in need of a cathartic, is well known to all mothers. It is a safe and healthy remedy, and is the best food for infants, and every family should have a bottle.

MARIE'S GUESS—"Who is that young woman?" "Marie—Judging by the clothes, I should say it was Miss B."—Detroit Free Press.

CLEANLINESS, order, and neatness are the cardinal virtues of good health. Take care of the first two, and you know what the third will be. It is the best remedy for all ailments, and is the best food for infants, and every family should have a bottle.

It's a lucky thing that bakers have more bread than any other class, because they knead it more.—Philadelphia Record.

Playing Cards.

You can send a pack of best quality playing cards by ordinary express, and it is postage to P. S. REAR, Cincinnati, Pa., 40, 41 & 42 N. E. Ohio, Ill.

Talk about your transformations! We have a new and more than round.—Yonkers Statesman.

"JESSE, do you know what a miracle is?" "Yes, sir, but says if you don't make your new paper it will be a miracle."—Brooklyn Life.

If You Leave Chicago at 6 P. M., for either St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha or Sioux City, via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, an excellent supper will be served in the Dining Car. You can then enjoy a fragrant cigar and "swan ice" while you sit back and relax in the smoking room, or read a novel by the light of the electric light lamp, and then go to bed in a clean-lined apartment car with a sense of comfort and security that all travelers desire. In the morning you are at your destination ready for breakfast and business. For further particulars address: Geo. R. Bradford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

When some one sees how some people get along in the world, they sometimes regret their own course.—Life.

Help! Help! How often has the cry been uttered in vain? But there is help for sufferers from liver complaint and constipation, these essential ailments, and the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will completely remove them. The malaria, the rheumatism, the dyspepsia and the nervous and derivate unspeakable benefit from the great remedy.

"The man who is 'valued with his thoughts' often is surprised by the deposit address.—Times Herald.

Cure your cough with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Fike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

The manager of an opera is justified in "putting on" airs.—Yonkers Statesman.

"HITS."

OLD, CHRONIC PAINS

SUCCESS TO ST. JACOBS OIL

IT HITS THE SPOT AND CURES.

JAY GOULD.

After all Jay Gould died of consumption. The doctors said he had neuralgia and Jay offered a million of dollars to any one who would cure him of his trouble. It turned out that he did not have neuralgia at all, but simply consumption. Don't you make this same mistake. If you feel that your lungs are weak or that you are subject to colds and coughs, or if your throat be sore and tender, get a bottle of Reid's German Cough and Kidney Cure and take it freely. It contains no poison and it is the only cough remedy on the market that ministers to all of the excretory organs. The small bottles cost twenty-five cents, large size fifty cents. Every druggist has it.

SYLVAN REMEDY CO., Peoria, Ill.

AMONG THE STARS.

They Are Neither Orphans Nor Waifs of the Night.

They Belong to a Family of Which God Is the Father—Dr. Talmage Claims That the Celestial Worlds Are Inhabited by Human Beings.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Sunday preached the 6th of the promised series of sermons on God in the natural world as disclosed in the Bible. The subject chosen for the initial sermon was "The Astronomy of the Bible, or God Among the Stars," the text being from Amos 9, 6: "It is He that buildeth His stories in the heavens." Preceding the sermon the great congregation sang Isaac Watts' hymn:

Ye heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines.

That is first-rate poetry from Amos, the herdsman. While guarding his flocks at midnight he got watching the heavens.

He saw stars above stars, and the universe seemed to him like a great mansion many stories high, silver room above silver room, silver windows and silver doors, silver chimneys and silver turrets and domes of silver rising into the immensities, and the prophet's sanctified imagination walks through that great silver city, through the universe, through the first story, through the second story, through the third story, through the twentieth story, through the hundredth story, through the thousandth story, and he says that God is the architect and carpenter and mason of all that upheaved universe, he cries out in the words of the text: "It is He that buildeth His stories in the heavens."

It is in the heavens, it is time that we widened out and heightened our religious thoughts. In our pulpit and Sabbath churches and Christian work of all sorts we are in the habit of looking at the Scripture until they excite no interest. Many of the best parts of the Bible have never yet been preached from or indeed even noticed. Hence I today began a series of sermons, not for consecutive Sabbath mornings, but as often as I think it best for variety's sake, on the astronomy of the Bible or God among the Rocks, the Ontology of the Bible or God among the Clouds, the Ichthyology of the Bible or God among the Fishes, the Pomology of the Bible or God among the Orchards, the Precious Stones of the Bible or God among the Jewels, the Botany of the Bible or God among the Flowers, the Chronology of the Bible or God among the Centuries.

And now we have all spent too much time on one story of the great mansion of God's universe. We need occasionally to go up-stairs and down-stairs in this mansion down-stairs and up-stairs, the rocks, the clouds, the stars and sea God in some of the higher stories, and learn the meaning of the text when it says: "It is He that buildeth His stories in the heavens."

Let us go back to the Old Testament. Its mother was Astrology, or the science of foretelling events by juxtaposition of stars. The Orientals, living much out of doors and in a very clean atmosphere, thought much of the stars, and they were very ingenious, got the habit of studying the night heavens. In the hot seasons caravans journeyed chiefly at night, and that gave travelers much opportunity of studying the stars. On the title-page of the Bible the sun and moon and stars roll in. The sun, a body nearly 8,000,000 miles in circumference and more than 12,000 times as large as our earth, the moon, more than 3,000 miles in diameter. But God is used to doing things on such an omnipotent scale that he takes only one verse to tell of this stellar and lunar manufacture. Yea, in three words all the other worlds are thrown in. The record says: "The stars also."

It takes whole pages for a man to describe the making of a telescope or microscope, a magnifying glass or a thrashing-machine, or to describe a fine painting or statue, but it was so easy for God to hang the celestial upholstery that the story is compressed in one verse: "God made the day and the lesser light to rule the night. The stars also." Astronomers have been trying to call the roll of them ever since, and they have called the multitude of them by name in review before the observatories built at vast expense, and the size and number of those heavenly bodies have been to the utmost the scientists of all ages have tried to figure out. But God has to say about them in three words: "The stars also." That is Mars, with its more than 55,000,000 square miles, and Venus, with its more than 18,000,000 square miles, and Saturn, with its more than 800,000,000 square miles, and Jupiter, with its more than 24,000,000,000 square miles, and all the planets of our system of more than 8,000,000,000 square miles, and these stars of our system, when compared with stars of other systems, are as handfuls of sand compared with all the Alps. "The stars also." The stars also, for nobility, for splendor, for suggestiveness, for sublimity piled on sublimity, these words excel all that human speech ever uttered or human imagination ever conceived. "The stars also."

It is put in as you write a postscript—something you thought of afterward—hardly worth putting into the body of a letter. "The stars also!"

Read on in your Bibles, and after awhile the Bible flashes with the Aurora Borealis or Northern Lights, that illumination, as mysterious and undefined now as the Aurora Borealis, Job, it was written: "Men see not the bright light which is in the clouds. Fair weather cometh out of the North." But all the nations supposed that the earth was built on a foundation of some sort, and many supposed that it stood on a huge turtle, or some great marine creature. Job knew enough of astronomy to say it had no foundation but was suspended on the invisible arms of the Almighty, declaring that "He hangs the earth upon nothing." While all nations thought the earth was level, the sky spread over it like a tent over a flat surface, Isaiah declared the world to be globular, circular, saying of God: "He sitteth upon the circle of the earth." See the glitter in the scriptural "Aurora, Orion, the Pleiades, and the stars of the North." While the running your fingers among the leaves of your Bible with the astronomical thoughts in your mind, you see two worlds stop, the sun and the moon, and the Bible says that a Christian know about that miracle who does not understand something of those two luminaries? Unless you watch modern astronomy put those two worlds as its ignorant as a Hotentot about the stupendousness of that scene in the life of Joshua. The sun, over 300,000 times as heavy as our earth and moving at the rate of 220 miles an hour. Think of stopping that and starting it again without the whisper of the universe! But I can easily believe it. What confounds me is not that He could stop the sun, but that He could stop the moon, and again the sun, in Joshua's time, but that He could have made the wheel of worlds, of which the sun and moon are only cogs, and keep that wheel rolling for thousands of years—the fly-wheel of all eternity.

If an engineer can start a long train, it is not surprising that he can stop it. If God could make and move the universe, which is an express train drawn by an engine of 100 miles an hour, it is not surprising that he can stop it for a part of a day. He could put down the brakes on two pieces of the rotating machinery. Infidelity is hard up for ground of complaint against the universe, and I find fault with that cessation of lunar and stellar travel. Here is my watch. I can stop it and start it again. My difficulty is not that I can stop it, but that I could make them all as He did make them. What pleases me and astounds me more is that each one of these worlds is a God-created name. Only a comparatively small number of them have names given them by scientists. If astronomers can give a name to a whole constellation or group of stars, why can't God do so? He has a name for each star in all immensity. Inspired David declares of God: "He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names." Isaiah, when he called, "They are not named by the night. They are not unknown ships on the high seas of immensity. They belong to a family of stars, and as you call your children Benjamin or Mary or Bertha or Addison or Josephine, so He calls all the infant worlds and all the adult worlds by their first names, and as though there were only one child of light in all the divine family. "He calleth them all by their names," and when he calls, I warrant they come.

But what gladdens me, and at the same time overflows me, is that those worlds are inhabited. The Bible says, "God made the day and the lesser light to rule the night. The stars also." It extends across this chip of a world, which you and I now inhabit. Have our worlds being inhabited as human beings? Read Isaiah, chiv. 18: "Thus saith the Lord that created the heavens, He created it not in vain. He formed it to be inhabited." Now, if He inhabited the earth so that it would not be created in vain, would He create worlds and have them uninhabited? Speaking of the inhabitants of this world, He says: "The nations are as a drop in a bucket." If the inhabitants of this world are as a drop of a bucket, were there are the other drops?

Again and again the Bible speaks of the host of Heaven, and the word "host" means an army, not an inert mass, and the expression "host of Heaven" must mean inhabitants above of other worlds. The Psalmist cries: "Thy mercy is great above the heavens; Thy goodness is above the heavens." "Thy goodness is above the heavens." "What could be the use of His goodness above the earth if there were no inhabitants to enjoy it? Again, the Bible

says: "He has set thy glory above the heavens." And here my text comes in with this idea of a mansion of many stories: "It is He that buildeth His stories in the heavens." It is He that buildeth His stories in the heavens. He who lives on the ground floor of this many-storied building are the only tenants, and that the larger rooms and the more gorgeously upholstered rooms and the more brilliantly lighted rooms above are uninhabited? Beside this, we are positively told in the Bible that two other worlds are inhabited—the world angelic and the world diabolic. These two worlds are our own make it positive that three worlds are inhabited. Why then stop with three worlds of living beings when there are not only millions but billions of worlds? Are they all standing like luxuriously furnished houses in time of financial panic marked "To Let" and no one to take them? All around us in this world we see economy in the construction of the universe. He made the hungry 7,000 in the wilderness, he made use of the boy's five loaves and two fishes, expending no more of creative power than was needed. "Waste not," had hath written all over this world.

And do you suppose that God would waste world material in our solar system to the amount of what has been estimated at 100 million tons of solid contents and that only a small part as compared with other systems which go to make up this many-storied mansion of the text, where it says: "It is He that buildeth His stories in the heavens." Did Prof. Herschel and his sister Catharine in finding worlds find only worlds uninhabited and a waste? Is Ceres, which Piazzi discovered in 1801, was wasted? Is Vesta, which Olbers discovered in 1807, wasted? Is Prosperine, which Prof. Luther discovered in 1852, wasted? Is Urania, which Prof. Hillebrand discovered in 1854, wasted? Is Pandora, discovered in 1855 by Prof. Secchi, wasted?

Are the 15,000 stars recorded in one year in the observatory at Washington wasted? Is all except the blitheliest part of the universe wasted? You hear it is possible that God would run such a splendid passenger train of parlor cars through the heavens and keep it running if there were no passengers? Judging from the extent of the universe, do you think God would put all his family on such limits as this world marks? If a king have a palace of 100 rooms will he put all his princes and princesses in one comparatively small room? As a matter of fact, happiness is in making others happy. Is it not certain that God would occupy larger places than our small earth with beings capable of happiness?

Besides this, why all the worlds furnished on and further up covered with light? What is the use of light if there are no eyes of inhabitants to enjoy and employ it? Science does not tell us. Science exploration has discovered that around many worlds there is an atmosphere in which lungs like ours could not breathe, and there are tents and beds that would not be able to endure. But do you suppose that we have the only kind of lungs that God can make? Do our bodies exhaust divine ingenuity, and must He make tents and beds for the other worlds? Or is there no respiration or pulsation, or mastication or digestion or habitude or not make them at all? Because organisms like ours can not live in Mercury or Saturn, or Jupiter, or Urania, we have no right to conclude that those globes are lifeless. Without any telescope and without any observatory and without any astronomical calculation, I know that the other worlds are inhabited, because my Bible and my common sense tell me so. It has been estimated that in the worlds belonging to our solar system there is room for a great many more intelligent beings than we have. It is all occupied, or will be occupied by intelligent beings. God will not fill them with brutes. He would certainly put into them some intelligent beings, and we appreciate the architecture, the coloring, the grandeur, the beauty, the harmony of their surroundings. We, the inhabitants of these worlds have capacity of locomotion like ours, for they would not have had such spacious opportunity for movement if they had not powers of motion. They have sight, else they could not see the stars, and they have hearing, else they could not hear the music of the spheres, and they have feeling, else they could not feel the pulse of the universe, and they have thought, else they could not think of the stars, and they have will, else they could not will to be like God, and they have love, else they could not love God, and they have joy, else they could not enjoy God, and they have peace, else they could not have peace, and they have wisdom, else they could not have wisdom, and they have power, else they could not have power, and they have glory, else they could not have glory, and they have life, else they could not have life, and they have love, else they could not have love, and they have joy, else they could not have joy, and they have peace, else they could not have peace, and they have wisdom, else they could not have wisdom, and they have power, else they could not have power, and they have glory, else they could not have 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The Herald.

ADVERTISING RATES.
TRANSIENT.
Advertisements inserted for less than 3 weeks will be 75 cents an inch for the first insertion and 75 cents an inch for each subsequent insertion.
STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS.
1 inch, 12 months.....\$ 7.50
1 inch, 6 months.....12.50
1 inch, 3 months.....15.00
1 inch, 1 month.....18.75
1 inch, 1 week.....22.00
1 inch, 1 day.....25.00
Address SPENCER COOPER, Hazel Green, Ky.

LOOK At the date just after your name on this paper, and if you are behind call and renew, or send the amount by mail at once! Otherwise your name will be cut off the list. We must have money.

Mrs. H. C. Swango is visiting her father's family on White Oak, in Morgan county.

Jimmie Taublee, of Mt. Sterling, was a guest of Dr. J. A. Taublee Tuesday night. He was en route home from Salyersville.

Thos. Troy, book-keeper for J. D. Day & Co., who has been visiting his family at Indian Old Fields, and friends in Winchester, returned home Monday.

John B. Davis has gone to Clay City to contract for the stone work on the Center Lumber company's new mill. He returned Tuesday, having secured a job.

The people of Wolfe county are wonderfully well-pleased with our new circuit judge and commonwealth's attorney. They are this week at Salyersville holding court.

Rev. James Little announces the following as his appointments until further notice: Gillmore, second Sunday; Frozen Creek, third Sunday, and at Hazel Green on the fourth.

Mattie, the little daughter of John Evans and wife, and one of the youngest scholars at Hazel Green academy, last week met a little first cousin of her's the first time, and introduced herself by saying, "Nannie you must come up and see us, for you are my little cousin."

In the circuit court at Campton last week John Smith, for killing W. H. Reynolds about a year ago, was sentenced to the penitentiary for five years. James Combs, for stealing logs, also received a sentence to the pen. We were promised a full report of proceedings, but it failed to reach us from some cause.

Our young friend, A. T. Combs, a short time ago informed us that he would be a candidate for sheriff of this county. Thrasher has rode deputy sheriff, been master commissioner, and his acquaintance with the people fits him for the place. When he announces for the position we will have more to say of him.

Wm. Shoemaker, who lives on the state road between this place and Maytown, was caught in the bolting of the Sandfield saw-mill on Wednesday, and so badly torn to pieces that there is little hope of his recovery. Dr. Kash, of this place, was called and dressed the injured man's wounds, and we understand he says there is little or no hope for him.

A meeting lasting some eight days and conducted by Revs. Willis Lykins, Barney Blankenship and others, closed on Sunday evening at the Cecil school house in Morgan county. During the meeting eight or ten were converted, seven of whom united with the Baptist church, to which belong the reverend gentlemen named, though christians of all denominations took an active part in the meeting.

Sheriff Drake has moved his family to Jackson temporarily so that he can be with them at night and to give his children the advantage of school. His duties as detective on the K. U. railroad require him to be there, but as he has made C. C. Hanks, the outgoing sheriff, his chief deputy, the people will suffer no inconvenience from his temporary residence at Jackson. For "well done, good and faithful servant" has always been the tribute paid Mr. Hanks.

Fears of Fendal War in Magoffin.

A Salyersville special to the Courier-Journal of Jan. 30th, says: Monteville Deskins, the magistrate who was thought to have been badly wounded in the fight of January 2, and whose whereabouts have not been generally known since that time, passed through this place last night with a body of armed men. Deskins is a native of Virginia and has been in that state, it is said, since the fight.

Reports are conflicting as to the number of men with him last night, but there were probably ten in all, and there is no doubt but they were armed with Winchester. Just what their intention in making this warlike demonstration is cannot be anticipated. Deskins' friends claim that it is only for the purpose of protecting him from the Riser crowd until there shall have been a legal investigation of the part he played in the fight in which his brother and others were killed, while others believe that he has returned to avenge the death of his brother in a summary way. The people are considerably excited over the prospect of a similar state of affairs to that through which so many mountain counties have passed, and a united effort on the part of all good citizens will be made to avert the threatened danger.

A Strange Case.

E. C. Jones, of Lane, was in our office Saturday, Jan. 21, and told the following strange incident. A 5-year old boy of Eph Jones', on or about Jan. 1st, suddenly began to show signs of lunacy. It first began to run back and forth in front of the fire and could not be persuaded to desist. A lady of the neighborhood who was present at the time picked up the child and tried to quiet it, but it proved too strong for her and fell from her arms sprawling upon the floor. For fifteen days the boy proved to be a raving maniac, and did not sleep or take nourishment of any kind except the little milk it was forced to drink by drenching. This symptom was succeeded by a desire to sleep, and up to the day before our information came to us, the boy had slept right along, still taking no nourishment of any kind. What is the cause of this strange action is a question that now puzzles the family.

Candidate for Assessor of Wolfe.

Our young friend, Jeff M. Rose, of Lacy creek, is announced in this issue of our paper, for the position of assessor of Wolfe county, subject to the action of the democratic party. Mr. Rose is a young man of the very highest moral standing, thoroughly honest and amply qualified for the duties of the position. He seeks, and the people would make no mistake in selecting him. This is the first time he has ever sought office of any kind, but he has always been an advocate of Jacksonian democracy and his preference would reflect credit alike upon his constituents and himself.

Wants to be Deputy Marshal.

W. A. Byrd, of Campton, is an applicant for the position of U. S. deputy marshal under the coming administration, and his friends in this section hope to see him secure the place. Mr. Byrd was for a while deputy sheriff of this county and discharged the duties of the position in such a manner as to leave no doubt of his fitness for the place he now seeks, and we believe if he is appointed that he will make a faithful and fearless officer.

LANE LOCALS.

When the snow began to melt the boys began to gather corn, and you let they have got a move on. There is to be a wedding soon. Guess who, though we promised Sam not to tell.

Letcher Trent is moving back to Ponce branch from Campton. We welcome him.

Meredith Puckett fell and broke his arm Sunday.

Dr. A. T. James is very ill at this writing.

J. M. Lockhart is slowly improving.

MILL BOY.

Hon. John G. Carlisle has our thanks for a couple of volumes of the report of the commissioner of education.

Happy and content is a home with "The Rochester" a lamp with the light of the morning. Catalogues, write Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

EZEL EVOLUTIONS.

EZEL, Morgan county, Jan. 30.—The whisky traffic got a black eye in this county last Monday, Judge O. P. Carter refusing to grant license for the sale of the devil's cognac in Morgan county. Let the judges in other counties do likewise, and the generations to come will remember you as the fathers of a great reformation which is sure to come.

Education seems to be on a boom in the mountains. Good subscription schools are now being taught at most every town in the country. H. C. Quicksall begins a three or four months school at this place today.

Married, at this place Jan. 28, Granville Bayes to Miss Nannie Nickell, daughter of Pone Nickell.

Tira Goad, of whom we made mention recently died in the asylum on the 20th inst.

James K. Wells is attending medical college at Louisville.

BLURT.

If you are bilious call at this office and get a free sample of Dr. Whitehall's anti-bilious pills.

MAYTOWN MISILES.

MAYTOWN, Morgan county, Jan. 30.—Our esteemed young friend, Henry W. Vest, of Omers, has for sometime been paying regular visits to our quiet little town. No one thought for a moment that Henry could be guilty of anything wrong, but last Sunday, Jan. 22, he with a small force of beautiful young ladies and gentlemen from the same neighborhood marched into our town unmolested and captured one of our prettiest and best girls, Miss Ada, daughter of Alex. Patrick, Elder James Fugate officiating. We join in wishing the young couple a prosperous and happy journey through life.

Since the long cold snap, the bright sunshine seems to have put new life in most everybody and everything. We hear no more complaining of hard times. The other hand we hear those who have a right to know, say that money is more plentiful than for years. How could it be otherwise when so many of us are getting war pensions. Just let 'em come.

Dr. Kendrick reports six births in and near town last week.

WINGLESS.

Coughing leads to consumption. Kemp's Balsam stops the cough at once.

D. A. Whitaker, near this place, has sold his farm to E. F. Cecil and W. S. Walters for \$2,500. There is about 200 acres in the tract. Mr. Whitaker contemplates locating in Texas at an early date.

J. B. Thompson, log-measurer for the K. U. company, started to Clay City in a job-on on Thursday morning, adown Red river.

DR. J. F. LOCKHART, DENTIST, EZEL, KY.

A. HOWARD STAMPER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, CAMPTON, KY.

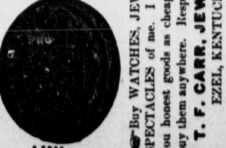
Will practice in the courts of Wolfe and the adjoining counties. All business entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention.

COMBS HOUSE, CAMPTON, KY.

S. S. COMBS, PROPRIETOR.

The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited. Table the best and every attention to the comfort of guests.

Buy WATCHES, JEWELRY and SPECTACLES of me. I will furnish you honest goods as cheap as you can buy them anywhere. Respectfully, T. F. CARR, JEWELER, EZEL, KENTUCKY.



WM. B. LOGAN, Druggist and Bookseller, WENCHERWORTH, KY. Mail orders promptly attended to, and your patronage is desired. Call when in the city. 423/06

ANOTHER BIG CUT IN PRICES.

I have a few goods left from E. C. Curry's stock, which I purchased from the Assignee.

PRICES ARE NO OBJECT!

Bal. left of E. & W. Collars,—Curry's Price, .35—Our Price, .74	
Men's White Unlaundried Shirts, " " .75 " " .49	
" " " " " " .125 " " .75	
Children's Shirts Waists, " " .35 " " .08	
Men's Night Shirts, " " .125 " " .65	
Men's Youman Stiff Hats, " " 5.00 " " 2.75	
Men's Fur Hats, " " 2.00 " " 1.25	
Men's Soft Hats, " " 1.50 " " .98	
Men's Crusher Hats, " " .75 " " .48	
Men's Cape Overcoats, " " \$15.00—Our Price, \$8.50	
" " " " " " 10.00 " " 6.50	
Men's All-Wool Chincherilla Overcoats, " " 12.50—Cut in Two, 6.50	
Men's All-Wool Kersey Overcoats, " " 15.00 " " 7.50	
Boy's Overcoats, 5, 6, 7 and 10 yrs. old, " " 3.00 " " 1.50	
Men's Fine Suits, " " 25.00 " " 15.00	
Men's Fine Suits, " " 15.00 " " 8.50	
Our Meh's Fine Shoes, " " 5.00 " " 3.95	
" " " " " " 3.00 " " 1.95	
" " " " " " 2.50 " " 1.25	

This grand sale will last until every dollar's worth is sold. Come early, before the rush. You will make big money by buying now.

VIC BLOOMFIELD, LEADING CLOTHIER,

White Front, next door to Clark County Bank, WINCHESTER, KY.

GRAND OPENING
AT THE
ENGLISH KITCHEN
No. 12, W. Short St., : Lexington, Ky.
Regular Meals 25 Cents. Meals to Order at All Hours. Breakfast from 5 A. M. to 9 A. M. Dinner from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Supper from 5 P. M. to 9 P. M. Oysters, Lamb Fries, Fish, Chickens and Quails a specialty. Open from 5 A. M. to 12 P. M.
C. S. LUIGART, Proprietor.

DR. WHITEHALL'S
MR. GRIM-INE!

A positive and permanent cure for all forms of HEADACHE : AND : NEURALGIA!

The most prompt, safe and sure relief for all acute pains in any part of the human system.

SPECIALY COMPOUNDED BY

S. : WHITEHALL, : M. : D.

The result of many years experience as a specialist in the treatment of painful nervous diseases.

HERBON, IND., June 26, 1888.

The Dr. Whitehall Mergimine Co.: Gentlemen—My wife had not been free from headache for two days at a time for ten years, until she used your celebrated remedy, MERGIMINE. It stops her headache and leaves no bad effects, and that is more than all my medical friends and myself have been able to do. I positively recommend it to me for all headache or neuralgia. Take it strictly in accordance with directions and you will as surely be relieved. Yours truly,

S. R. PRATT, M. D.

Sold at The Herald office, on positive guarantee; 50 cents a box.

DR. WHITEHALL'S
Anti-Bilious + Pills.

For regulating the bowels, and for the prevention and cure of constipation and incidental diseases. They relieve that dull feeling in the stomach or bowels, bad taste in the mouth, yellow complexion, heartburn, indigestion, that worn out and tired feeling, melancholy and general debility, resulting from imperfect action of the vital organs. Nothing will produce such a complete renovation of the whole system as DR. WHITEHALL'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS. Imperfect action of the stomach, liver and bowels loads the system with poisonous, debilitating matter that must be thrown off, or disease will be the result. ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS are a safe guard against disease. For sale at this office; 25 cents a box.

A VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE!

As agent of the owner, I offer for sale, at private contract, a valuable farm in Morgan county, Ky., containing

108 ACRES, MORE OR LESS.

This farm is located 6 miles east of Hazel Green, on the road leading from Bethelam church to West Liberty, and is only one-half mile from the church building. Adjoining the place is the public school building for the district. There is a 3-room dwelling on the place, in good repair, and a good barn 30x40 feet.

Sixty acres of the land is cleared and the remainder covered with a virgin forest of Oak, Pine, Poplar, etc.

There is a splendid well of water and a fine young orchard of 50 bearing apple trees on the place.

\$1,000 will buy the place; \$200 in cash and balance in one and two years with equal notes at 6 per cent. well secured.

For further particulars, address

SPENCER COOPER

430/1f Hazel Green, Ky.

THE MAYTOWN MILL CO.

Is running constantly and doing the best work at the lowest prices.

Special accommodations for customers from a distance.

Without detriment to our home trade,

No Bids Offered for Bad Rolls!

We do not make them and have no demand for them in our trade.

THE MAYTOWN MILL CO.,

4e17/1f W. W. MANKER, Manager.

Fashionable Dressmaking.

I am now prepared to cut, fit and make dresses and other garments in the latest style. Satisfaction guaranteed and prices reasonable. Also, teach the art of cutting and fitting by chart. Respectfully,

MRS. F. N. DAY.

Hazel Green Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, 1 1 1 K.Y.

TALKING AT THE GATE.

Miss Tom and Sue went walking, went walking down the lane.

With guarded words while talking, while talking to refrain.

The sun was gently shining, shining slowly out of sight.

The evening stars came twinkling, came twinkling on the night.

The birds had ceased their singing, their singing for the day.

The evening air was ringing, with ringing roundelay

Of insect life and humming, of humming soft and low.

The moonlight slowly coming, coming on with silvery flow.

The twilight dews were falling, were falling far and near.

The whisp'ring winds were calling, calling and low, yet so sweet.

The flowers were gently sleeping, sleeping with fragrant breath.

Their vigils slowly keeping, keeping semblance faint of death.

The brook kept up its singing, singing light as it went.

Adown the hillside singing, singing songs of sweet content.

In its chorused voice of gladness, of gladness and glee.

From its woodland shades of sadness, to sad-ness nevermore.

Thus Tom and Sue together, together down the lane.

Regardless of the weather, the weather, wind or rain.

Walked side by side, going slowly, slowly crossing o'er the stile.

With voice tones sweet and loving, sweet and lowly all the while.

The hours grew long and longer, grew longer as they sped.

And the falling dews spun stronger, still stronger every thread.

When Tom and Sue, returning, returning up the lane.

Found the light of love still burning, and burning brightly again.

Where late it had been darkened, darkened and almost out.

To Dame Goodly they had hearkened, hearkened full of doubt.

But the truth once went wrong, went wrong down the lane.

And talking of love and loving, of loving and of pain.

Their former life reviewing, reviewing under breath.

Their views of old reviewing, reviewing unto death.

So Tom and Sue went walking, went walking to their fate.

And beauteous came while talking, while talking at the gate.

—Clark W. Bryan, in Good Housekeeping.



BY T. C. DE LEON.

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CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"Glimmer, hard as you are," the man answered, calmly, but with laboring breath, "your pride will ruin all. Miss Clay, by every memory of the past—by the grave of my dead mother—I swear I speak the truth. In the corpse you stand my horse's tail—again his voiceless. An hour's ride brings you to roads you know; sunrise sees you safe with confederate cavalry. By my soul, I swear I speak only truth."

"And did I trust you?"

"Yes, I know," he interrupted, eagerly, almost happily. "If you do, it is not that you hate—despise me less, but that you must use such vile means for the cause! Will you come?"

Again he extended his hand, entreating. Again the woman drew back with a shudder.

"Oh, God! Dare I trust this man?" burst from her lips in half sob.

"You can," he whispered, eagerly. "You can trust me as you could Evan, for your own sake—for your cause—for little Fairfax!"

"You know?" She stared at him.

"Yes, I know." He hesitated an instant, adding, almost fiercely: "It is the spy's business—the traitor's—to know all. Poor little Fairfax!—again his voice softened to infinite tenderness—"he will die—you will murder him—unless you use these means to save. An hour's ride, and you are free, safe among friends."

With something like a sob he finished, raising his hand to push the damp hair back from his forehead. The embers flickered into blaze again, throwing full light upon his face, and the woman, hesitating till then—again drew back, shuddering.

"An omen!" she cried. "That scar—Cal's brand upon your forehead—warns me not to trust the traitor!"

He stared at her wondering.

"Hypocrite!" she answered to the look. "I too know all—the swift confederate brand upon you—Capt. Charleston's bullet marked—"

"Charlton!"

A great amazement made his face blank one instant. Then the name passed his lips, low, vengeful as a curse. His breast rose and fell, as he dashed his hat to his head, striding one step towards her.

"Obstinate, relentless!" he said, rapidly, in hollow voice. "Will you prove wiser as well? Carolyn Clay, I have said what man dare say. Did I say one word more,—did I convince you,—then I should despise myself as you despise and hate me!"

He solemnly vowed to save you, at risk of all that is left to me,—at risk of losing what a girl like you could never dream! A moment more, the police comes, and all is lost; for I swear I

will not leave this hut alone! No; do not answer there is a time. If your mother's honor is risked,—if your mother's heart is broken,—if little Fairfax dies for want of remedies his prideful sister might have won him,—then I call God to witness that the sin is on your head!"

The woman's bosom rose and fell; words rushing to her lips died upon them; she heard her own heart beating thunderous in her throat.

"Come! For the sake of all dear to you,—cause, mother, brother,—come!" the man pleaded. "Vile, despicable as I am in your eyes, let me alone in part, by saving you—and Fairfax!"

The sob so close to Carolyn Clay's lips burst through them. A great joy gleamed in the deep eyes of the traitor Virginian; and again—with observation—

looking on as now, knows true"—a halt—sob here the words—"you?"

The clank of arms came faintly on the wind. At his touch the horse moved softly on into the snowy road, the man standing still, with bared head and eyes upraised. When the whirling eddies hid the rider from his sight, that bold rider, that reckless soldier, that traitor Virginian, fell upon his knees and dropped his face in his clasped hands.

Soon he rose, with gesture of defiance to the now clear-sounding arms, turned into the denser woods and strode rapidly away.

Five minutes later the relief reached the extra post at the hut. No sentry challenged; and the link New England sergeant, advancing warily, stumbled over the prostrate trooper, conscious, but sick and dizzy.

Calling the relief to advance, the sergeant raised the supposed offender as he muttered to himself:

"Can't blame him much! Might myself, such a nasty night! But where in 'farnal thunder' did he get the rum? Phew! Chloroform!"

CHAPTER V.

A BALTIMORE WAR PARTY.

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About these handsome rooms comfortably snug, contrary to the distinguished, even at a day when the strong current of national events here on it the strongest, most cultured and best-known men and women of the land. And close to the national capital added to some Baltimore re-unions the glitter of uniforms, military as well as diplomatic, and the glamour of great names.

Indeed, during the war time, Baltimore society was unique beyond any in America; and a broad, deep stream of sentiment—picketed on one side by defiance, outspoken feeling, on the other by prudence, sagacity and tact—flowed waterfalls—flowed through the social city, as dangerous and difficult to pass as the near-flowing Potomac.

But, if the society's heart was really present on Maryland's shore, it certainly seemed shiver in slipper of velvet at her capital of society and of commerce.

For—strangely of southern sympathizers, the "rebel nest," as Washington held her to be—most of Baltimore's leading people had tact sufficient to keep their tongues still, however active they may have been in the aid to struggling friend or relative beyond the border, however much of disgust may, in many instances, have lurked beneath the smile. Never professing "loyalty" to the Union, they were wise enough to repress all blatant hint of its opposite, well realizing that no good could possibly result therefrom, while one chance word might mean all farther possibility of usefulness, even while resulting in immediate hurt or danger.

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"Though ye conquer us, men of the north, know ye not

What three, unless barehanded lurks under the door?

How loyal was Venice to Hapsburg, I wot!—

How dearly the Pole loves his father the czar!"

Yet under more than one roof which covered a family of the best old stock, every heart beating in perfect unison with the struggling southrons, were repressed men and women, who widely differed in every public matter, but were wholly congenial in every social one. And that tactful grace which has ever been the chief charm of Baltimore society, that hearty rounded elegance, even while resulting in immediate hurt or danger.

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Mrs. Anna Sutherland

Kalamazoo, Mich., had swellings in the neck, and sore throat. From her 40 years old, causing great suffering. When she caught cold could not walk two blocks without fainting. She took

Hood's Sarsaparilla

And is now free from it all. She has urged many others to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and they have all been cured. It will do you good

Hood's Pills Cure all liver, jaundice, sick headache, biliousness, sour stomach, nausea.

DR. KILMER'S

SWAMP

Root

Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.

Rheumatism,

Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in

eyes, frequent colds, irritation, inflammation,

disordered liver,

Hazel Green Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

TALKING AT THE GATE.

Blither Tom and Sue were waiting, waiting, waiting for the day.

The sun was just sinking, sinking slowly out of sight.

The evening stars came blinking, came blinking out of the night.

The birds had ceased their singing, their singing for the day.

The evening air was ringing, with ringing melody.

Of insect life humming, of humming soft and low.

The moonlight glimmering, coming on with silvery flow.

The twilight dews were falling, were falling far and near.

The white-poor-wills were calling, calling and low, yet clear.

The flowers were gently sleeping, sleeping with fragrant breath.

Their voices closely keeping, keeping semblance faint of death.

The brook kept up its tinkling, tinkling light spray as it went.

Adown the hillside singing, singing songs of sweet content.

In its charmed voice of gladness, of gladness and gladness.

From its woodland shades of sadness, to sad-tones nevermore.

Thus Tom and Sue together, together down the lane.

Regardless of the weather, the weather, wind or rain.

Walled side by side, quite slowly, slowly crossing over the stile.

With voice tones sweet and lowly, sweet and lowly all the while.

The hours grew long and longer, grew longer as they sped.

And the falling dews spun stronger, still stronger purple thread.

When Tom and Sue, returning, returning up the lane.

Found the light of love still burning, and burning bright again.

Where late it had been darkened, darkened and almost out.

To Dams (dearly they had hearkened, hearkened full of doubt).

But the train came now waving, now waving down the lane.

And talking of love and loving, and loving and loving of joy.

Their former life reviewing, reviewing under the moon.

Their views of old rekindling, rekindling under the moon.

So Tom and Sue went walking, went walking to their fate.

And betrothal came while talking, while talking at the gate.

—Clark W. Bryan, in Good Housekeeping.

will not leave this but alone! No do not answer there is no time. If your own honor is asked, — if your mother's heart is broken, — if little Fairfax dies for want of remedies his grateful sister might have won him, — then I call God to witness that the sin is on your head!

The woman's bosom rose and fell; words bubbling to her lips died upon the man's head. "Vile, despicable as I am in your eyes, let me atone in part by saving you — and Fairfax."

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looking on us now, knows true — a half-sob bore the words — to you."

The clank of arms came faintly on the wind. At his touch the horse moved softly on the snowy road. The man standing still, with bowed head and eyes upraised. Then, when the whirling eddies hid the rider from his sight, that bold rider, that reckless soldier, that traitor Virginian, fell upon his knees, and dropped his face in his clasped hands.

Soon he rose, with gesture of defiance to the now clear-sounding arms, turned into the denser woods and strode rapidly away.

Five minutes later the relief reached the extra post at the hut. No sentry challenged; and the back New England sergeant, advancing warily, stumbled over the prostrate trooper, conscious, but sick and dizzy.

—Calling the relief to advance, the sergeant said, the supposed offender as he muttered to himself:

"Can't blame him much! Might myself, some a nasty night. But where in 'fearful thunder did he get the gun? 'Harris! Chloroform! —"

CHAPTER V.

A BALTIMORE WAX PARTY.

A brilliant and representative gathering, but not a large one, had assembled in the handsomely-decorated parlors of Mr. Gilmore Gray.

That fair and gracious hostess — still among the most attractive of the Monumental city's society leaders — was assisted in entertainment of distinguished guests by two brilliant daughters, noted belles in that city, among whose women beauty and refinement are the rule.

To be to these the Misses Westchester — for the fair maids had solved a sometime widowhood at the earnest pleading of Mr. Gilmore Gray, a noted club bachelor in supposed-to-be-impossible — and Miss Westchester, a accomplished and high culture of some musical gifts. Miss Bessie, small, brunette and piquante, was a balladist second to none in that musical center; and her sister, Miss Charlotte, especially, had repute secure attained by the perfect mastery of her Erard piano, that showed under the strong, precise hands of her sister, Maud, happily, and Miss Westchester by grace of eighteen months' lapse.

About these handsome rooms comfortably moved a company rarely distinguished, even at a day when the social current of the city was borne on it the strongest, most cultured and best-known men and women of the land. And close vicinage to the national capital added to some Baltimore recluses the glitter of uniforms, military as well as diplomatic, and the glamour of great names.

Indeed, during the war time, Baltimore society was unique beyond any in America; and a broad, deep stream of sentiment — picketed on one side by defiant, outspoken feeling, on the other by prudence, sagacity, tact and ceaseless repressions the glitter of uniforms, military as well as diplomatic, and the glamour of great names.

But, if the "despotic heel" was really pressing on Maryland's shore, it certainly seemed to have slipped off its capital of society and of commerce.

For — stronghold of southern sympathizers, the "rebel nest," as Washington held her to be — most of Baltimore's leading people had tact sufficient to keep their tongues still, however active they may have been otherwise in aid to struggling friend or relative beyond the border; however much of dissent may in many instances, have lurked beneath the smile. Never professing "loyalty" as the word was then misinterpreted, they were wise enough to repress all blatant hint of its opposite, well realizing that no good could possibly result therefrom, while one chance word might mar all future possibility of usefulness, even when resulting in immediate hurt or danger.

If not profound society peace, there reigned at least a social truce, sensitive, unformulated, liable to rupture on slight occasion; for it might have been of the social situation then that was written:

"Though ye conquer us, men of the north, know ye not
What fire, sudden hatred lurks under the
Rear?
How dearly the Pole loves his father's
ear?"

Yet under peace or the best of stock, every heart beating in perfect unison with the struggling southrons, were received men and women who widely differed in every public matter, but were wholly congenial in every social one. And that tactful grace which has ever been the chief charm of Baltimore society deftly rounded dangerous and treacherous headlands of opinion, to glide safely into these neutral waters of simple social contact.

Exceptions there were, even in such households, where the Mrs. Marylanders held their thought, her ear professed by courteous address from the Yankee, her hand polished by his social touch. Such openly paraded their sympathies and showed the pride of their home, even self-oxiled to do battle for the cause they knew to be right, even as the first crusaders battled for the sepulcher. And some of these defiant fair ones — fortunately, though in rare exception — defied all orders and regulation, prevaricatingly imporing martyrdom by flaunting the confederate colors and in at least two instances swapping themselves in the colored stars and bars in full publicity.

As fearless as they were injudicious, some Baltimoreans not only brought suffering upon themselves, but willfully

multiplied their chances to relieve that of those absent ones whose cause they so defended and revered. But the quietest and more tactful set, while doing nothing to hurt their own consciences, were kept on easy terms with those of differing political color. And who shall blame them at all, at the same time, they kept eye and ear alert for every chance to help to hurt their distant friends, by a ready hand or open purse? For many of these, also, had their next of kin in the southern army — some as humble privates, some, again, high in rank, and the tender echo of their names beyond the river for deeds of derring do.

Thus the social situation of the hour was one of exceeding delicacy, demanding for its solution not only tact and ease in society usage, but courage, intelligence, and diplomacy as well.

Of old historie family on both sides, and with unstinted means, the Gilmore Grays were facile leaders in the graves of that eventful winter; and to-night's musicale — simply an informal one, almost impromptu, to which guests had been hidden only the previous day — was a social equality at least, by no previous occasion.

Miss Westchester had finished a sparkling rendering of a Chopin waltz, when her sister was led to the piano by a charming of the hour. I weep not wrapping all in the music-room through the notes of Gounod's "Jewel Song" — for "Faust" was then a novelty in Paris — broke into spontaneous rapturous applause, hands together, demanding its encore. The light of well-won praise lit the girl's richly colored face, as she raised her dark eyes from fringing lashes. Suddenly they fell upon a corner in the doorway, and the light quickly changed to a deeper and more meaning one. But she quickly dropped her face, and her fingers lightly touched the keys again.

"Hatsome fellow, that quite distinctive," the cabinet member said, following her glance, then letting his own rest admiringly on the face she did not raise to reply.

"An old friend of mamma's. Did you never meet him before, Judge?"

"Scarcely possible, Miss Bessie," the dignitary answered. "Even among the thousands of new faces, I weep not forget that one. But we are forgetting what is more important — the encore."

"It shall be a simple old ballad, then," she answered; and again she shot one upward glance at the dark eyes of Peyton Fitzgibbon, elegantly languid in evening dress. He made no movement save to smooth, rather foppishly, the black hair brushed back in his hand and brow.

Next instant all the fire in the girl's vibrant soprano was ringing in that old rebel duty: "Charlie Is My Darling." The elegant traitor listened, to the very last note, leaving lightly against the door frame, but with no changed expression on his strong, quiet face. Nor did he respond to — even if he caught — the quick glance the singer's eyes again sent him with the last note, but his gloved hand joined in the applause as the bachelor functionary at the piano, bending over the girl in evident admiration, said, softly:

"Enviably 'Charlie,' Miss Bessie. But you certainly do sing Scotch ballads as an amateur."

"Thank you," she answered. "Simple, unscientific as they are, some of them are great favorites of mine. This, for instance."

She broke quickly into the lilting melody: "All the Blue Bonnets are Over the Border." But the glass she sent to the doorway as its accompaniment was lost. Fitzgibbon had been replaced by a blonde youth wearing per-



Mrs. Anna Sutherland

Kalamazoo, Mich., had swellings in the neck, 40 years old, causing great suffering. When she caught cold could not walk two blocks without fainting. She took

Hood's Sarsaparilla

And is now free from all. She has cured many others to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and they have also been cured. It will do you good.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills, Jaundice, sick headache, biliousness, sour stomach, nausea, indigestion, constipation, etc.

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Impure Blood.

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"One of my neighbors, Mr. John Gilbert, has been sick for long time. All thought him past recovery. He was horribly emaciated from the inaction of his liver and kidneys. It is difficult to describe his appearance and the miserable state of his health at that time. Help from any source seemed impossible. He tried year August Flower, and the effect upon him was magical. It restored him to perfect health to the great astonishment of his family and friends." John Quibell, Holt, Ont. 9

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Bile Beans

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It is a sure remedy for all such troubles, and is a sure remedy for all such troubles.

It is a sure remedy for all such troubles, and is a sure remedy for all such troubles.

It is a sure remedy for all such troubles, and is a sure remedy for all such troubles.

\$10,000 DAMAGES.

A Big Price For a Negro's Finger.
B. F. McCormick and William McCormick, doing business under the firm name of McCormick & Son; B. F. McCormick and L. S. Campbell, partners under the name of Campbell & Co., and J. R. Couch and B. F. McCormick, doing business under the firm name of the Lexington lumber company, are all made defendants in a suit for damages filed in the circuit court through his attorneys, Nelson & Aickers, by Richard Card, colored. In his petition Card states that he was employed by defendants as engineer at their planing mill, when he was ordered by them on February 4, 1892, to saw some slats or boards with a circular saw run by steam, at which work he was unskilled and had no experience and in this undertaking, in which he exercised due care and diligence, he had cut his thumb and the first and second finger of his hand and sustained a deeply cut and mutilated third finger on the same hand, causing permanent injury to said hand. For said injury the plaintiff prays the court for judgment against the defendants in the sum of \$10,000, for cost of suit and all proper relief.—Lexington Leader.

Joseph V. Dory, of Warsaw, Ill., was troubled with rheumatism and tried a number of different remedies, but says none of them seemed to do him any good; but finally he got hold of one that speedily cured him. He was much pleased with it, and felt sure that others similarly afflicted would like to know what the remedy was that cured him. He states for the benefit of the public that it is called Chamberlain's Pain Balm. For sale by Rose & Jones.

THE LATE JAMES B. BECK.

Read Greek and Hebrew Like a College Professor.

The most remarkable thing about the late Senator Beck, said a gentleman in Washington who knew him intimately, "was the extraordinary variety and extent of his information. You could not bring up any subject on which he would not talk better than anybody else in the room. I recollect a friend's relating me a striking illustration of this.

"He and Beck, with a number of others, were at dinner at Chamberlain's one evening. The conversation took a wide range, and the subject of the classics came up. To the astonishment of every one in the room Beck read Greek and Hebrew authors in citation of his views with the fluency of a Harvard professor. Every one was astonished.

"Beck was the biggest man I ever knew—a man intellectually, physically and morally in every sense of the word."

The Correct View of it. Recently while holding a chat about the subject of their local paper was discussed. One farmer said he thought it had too many advertisements in it. The other replied: "In my opinion the advertisements are far from being the least valuable part of it. I look them over carefully every week, and I save at least five times the cost of my paper each year through the business advantages I get from them." Said the other: "I believe you are right. I know that they pay me well and rather think it is not in taste to find fault with the advertisements after all." These men have the right idea of the matter. It pays any man with a family to support to take his local paper for the sake of the advertisements it contains if for nothing more.—Exchange.

Mr. C. F. Davis, editor of the Bloomfield, Iowa, Farmer, says: "I can recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to all sufferers with colds and croup. I have used it in my family for the past two years and have found it the best I ever used for the purpose for which it is intended.—50¢ bottles for sale by Rose & Jones.

Postmaster Wood has received notice that his claim for \$272.44 on account of the loss of stamps, etc., by the fire which destroyed his office on May 1st last has been allowed by the department. The prompt settlement of the claim is due to the efforts of Congressman Kendall. It usually takes a much longer time to adjust claims of this character.

The Count Given Cleveland 276.
The electoral college has finally cast the ballots for president, and the exact result is: Cleveland got 276 out of 444. Harrison got 144 and Weaver 24. Of the forty-four states Cleveland gets the solid electoral vote of twenty-two, or just one half, while of California's nine votes he carried eight; of Michigan's fourteen, five; of Ohio's twenty-three, one. Harrison gets the solid vote of thirteen states, and Weaver the solid vote of five.

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